Further I say, and further will maintaine,
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glosters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a Traitour Coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of blood.
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels*, cries,
Euen from the tongueless Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.
King. How high a pitch his resolution soares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what say'st thou to this?
Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slaunder of his blood;
How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyer.
King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares;
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule:
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.
Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiers;
The other part reseru'd I, by consent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Ar